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The Fisherman's Orphans.

Down on the old stone steps,
  Worn by the wash of the waves,
A rough and rugged seat enough,
  Whose base the water laves,
Whispering tales of distant sails,
  And of deep sea caves—

The fisherman's boy and girl
  Look over the gleaming bay.
One cloud is scudding with the breeze
  To dim the gladsome day;
Its shadow lies in their young eyes,
  They have no heart to pray.

The boats are all at sea;
  How merrily they go!
Oh! it were brave to ride a while
  Where yonder ripples glow,
Purple and green, their varied sheen,
  Capped daintily with snow.

The boats are all at sea;
  Nay, all at sea save one,
That on the shore lies high and dry,
  And idle in the sun;
And father's boat would be afloat,
  But father's work is done.

His honest heart is still,
  Her tawny sail is slack,
Another and a stranger hand
  Must guide her on her track;
Yet every day the children say,
  'Will father soon be back?'

And every day they come,
  Taking fresh heart of grace,
And patient stand, or sit them down,
  Upon the landing place;
They used to meet him here, and greet
  So joyfully his face!

The fisherman's boy and girl
  Look over the gleaming bay;
The fisherman's soul has gone to God—
  No father on earth have they.
Father on high, be never nigh,
  To guard their lonely way!

—S. E. G., in 'Cottager and Artisan.'

The Labrador Mission.

WHO WILL HELP AT ONCE?

Some weeks ago we made an appeal for funds for this excellent work, but, for some reason or other, our readers have not responded as quickly as we had hoped. Perhaps they did not realize that the appeal is for funds to be sent in now—at once! The mission has been carried on for years at heavy outlay by the Royal National Mission for Deep Sea Fishermen, and though generous contributions have gone from good friends in Canada and the United States, the great bulk of the money has been given by helpers in the British Isles. Now, the M.D.S.F. has an extensive work to do, one that ever calls for expansion, among the fishing fleets in the North Sea and round the coasts of England, Ireland and Scotland, and is particularly anxious that the funds for its Labrador work should be raised, if possible, on this side the Atlantic.

This seems entirely reasonable, for the call comes from our own doors, as it were. Part of Labrador, in fact, belongs to Canada; and though the main part of the coast belongs to Newfoundland, on the northern shores of which the mission carries on some of its work, we can recognize no territorial distinction in such a need as this. These fisherfolk are our brothers and sisters; their lot is cast in a bleak, desolate country, which, though they love it as their native land, yet demands of them the most strenuous effort to make even a scanty living. These are the men who from boyhood to old age are ever 'in peril on the sea,' and who never shrink from the wildest storm when a brother's need calls them to face it; these are the men to whom, and others like them, we are indebted for some of the food we most enjoy. Shall we not try to enter a little into their lives, and, realizing something of their privations, give of our means, much or little, to minister to them?

What sort of comforts could be had in this country, if $250 or $300 were counted a fair income for a family of father and mother and perhaps five or six children, the earnings of even half-grown lads being included in that? What kind of a wardrobe would that supply to withstand our winter's cold? How far will it go, then, in clothing, as they ought to be clothed, a family who live where the winter is much longer and more severe than our own, and where, probably, half the family must be both wet and cold a great deal of the time? How would we like to face even a short winter with no more in the larder than a barrel of flour and a few pounds of tea.

Under circumstances like this, it is little wonder that half-starved, half-clad people should be an easy prey to disease. Without medical aid, and not knowing at all how to help themselves, parents have stood by and seen one child after another carried off by diphtheria, pneumonia, measles or the like, when timely assistance might have saved them. Simple injuries have developed into life-long maladies for lack of treatment, and everywhere you go you find someone who is terribly crippled through frostbites or other accidents, where, perhaps, the heroic treatment of ama-

teur amputation by fish-knife or hatchet was the only alternative to a lingering death.

Such are the appalling needs of this field where Dr. Grenfell and his staff of assistants are working, ministering to the sick and suffering, tending to spiritual as well as physical needs, distributing warm clothing to needy families, books and papers for those who can read, pictures, or occasionally a few toys, for eager child hearts that know so little of childhood's brightness. This is the work for which we make this urgent appeal for help.

The work is entirely undenominational, or, rather, interdenominational, both as to its workers and its methods. Every needy person is helped, whatever be his creed. The few Christian workers who from time to time visit some of the fishing hamlets, on purely religious mission, find hearty co-operation from Dr. Grenfell or his helpers, and the society is glad to number among its contributors friends in all branches of the Christian Church.

Neither need there be any fear that this work is going to pauperize the people of Labrador. Wherever it is at all possible, those helped make some return for the assistance received, though it be only in labor, or in wood cut and stacked near some cove where the steamer 'Strathcona' can come in and get a fresh supply when needed.

The lumber mills and co-operative stores that are being carried on as a supplement to the direct mission work, open avenues of self-help, and are a guarantee of the practical methods of the mission.

It would be a capital move if in every Sunday-school where the 'Messenger'is taken, each teacher should speak to the scholars, young and old, about this work, and the whole school take up a special offering on the very first Sunday possible. Will you not do this in your school? The money could be sent for the cot fund or towards the general expenses. All would be promptly acknowledged in the 'Messenger.' Individual subscribers can take even more prompt action, and remit at once.

Send money orders or postal notes or registered letters, except for sums under fifty cents, when two-cent stamps may be sent.

Acknowledgment.

FOR LABRADOR MISSION.

Previously acknowledged, $14.10; Winnifred Campbell, Dalmeny, Ont., $1; Mrs. McKinnon, Petrel, $5; Emma Thurman, Yearley, $1.25; Frank Cavill, Collingwood, $2; Mrs. A. Mace Chandos, Lakefield, $5; total, $28.35.

A Revival in a Hotel.

One of our ministers when on his vacation last summer had a very unusual experience. It was so unlike anything that had heretofore befallen him that he was embarrassed beyond measure.

He had been spending a few weeks in the mountains. On the morning of his departure for home about seventy-five people—men, women and children—accompanied him as an escort of honor along the quiet country road from the hotel to the railway station which was half a mile away. They sang as they marched, and tossed fresh flowers and beautiful bouquets into the carriage in which he rode, until it was like an Easter pulpit. When I saw him he was trying to dodge the roses and carnations and other tokens of good will and gratitude that were being showered upon him from every quarter. He was smiling, and yet there were tears in his eyes. The whole scene in all its details, was worthy of an artist.

But who were these people, and what wonderful thing had he done to call forth such an enthusiastic demonstration? Surely some great opportunity had been given him—an opportunity such as seldom comes to a minister—and he had been wide awake to make good use of it. Perhaps he saved somebody's life at the risk of his own? No; he was being rewarded in this open way for a service that cost him nothing and that he himself considered scarcely worthy of mention. Let me tell the strange and suggestive story as nearly as I can in his own words:

'The first Sabbath I spent at the hotel there was, so far as any public or social worship was concerned, no recognition of the day. Eight or ten of the guests went in a mountain waggon to a little Episcopal church about two miles distant, and about half a dozen went to a small Methodist church about five minutes' walk from the house. The rest spent the day very much as they spent the other days of the week, except that games and other social amusements were not indulged in. The Sunday papers were very much in evidence, and the things unseen and eternal were "over the hills and far away."

'I was a stranger to them all, and "while I was musing the fire burned." As I was the only minister of the Gospel at the hotel the burden of the Lord seemed to rest upon myself.

'On the following Sabbath the proprietor was interviewed and a short religious service was proposed. He cordially consented to have the music room, which seated about one hundred people, made ready for the evening and to post a notice of the service on the piazza. The seats were all occupied. We sang a few familiar hymns. A passage of Scripture was read. Then prayer was offered and a few remarks made, closing with the announcement that family worship would be held in that room every morning at nine o'clock.

'I could see by their faces that I had taken them by surprise. I suggested that it would not be a formal prayer meeting, but just a family gathering, that it would be a pleasant way to begin the day, and that although it was an innovation it was none the worse for that. I did not say anything about duty, neither did I urge attendance. My thought was that possibly fifteen or twenty might gather around the little altar for morning worship.

'On the first morning there were about forty present, on the second morning sixty, and from that time on, for five weeks, the meetings increased in attendance and interest until the room was well filled, and the service was as much a feature of the day as breakfast, dinner or supper. All who could come seemed to be present. The old people were there. So were the young men and young women and the little children. You would see them hurry quickly through breakfast in order to be in time for family worship, as they all learned to call it. You would find them postponing their long morning walks and rides until after family worship.

'The little assembly changed from week to week. Some went to their homes, but new comers took their places, and the interest did not wane but rather deepened. The people were of all sorts and conditions, physically, mentally and spiritually. There were Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and I don't know what else, but all differences were for the time forgotten. It was delightful. It was like a little heaven in which each heart seemed to be, so far as worship was concerned, in tune with all the rest.

'It was my privilege to lead the service every morning for five weeks. Promptly at nine o'clock a familiar hymn was announced, such as "Jesus Lover of my Soul," "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Now they did sing in that early morning hour! Then a few helpful verses of Scripture were read—not a long chapter, but just a few verses that would go right to the heart, such as, "He was wounded for our transgressions," or "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," or the parable of the lost sheep. Now and then a sentence or two of comment. Then a short prayer—just a home prayer that the children could follow. After that the Lord's Prayer was repeated in concert. Then all stood up and sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and with bowed heads received the apostolic benediction. It was all over in ten minutes.

'That was all I did. It was not much. There was nothing unusual or sensational about it, and yet the people were more than generous in their expressions of gratitude and appreciation. Sometimes there were tears in the eyes of those who stopped after worship to tell me how helpful the service was to them, and to unburden their hearts a little.

'Yes, it was as one called it, a revival—a genuine revival of religion in a hotel on the top of a mountain. Its influence was sure and felt all day long in different ways. The better angels were in control, and there was a kindliness in intercourse that was often spoken of. They who sang together and prayed together seemed to be animated by that charity that doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. Its fruits will be gathered this winter in not a few homes that were represented in the early morning assembly. There will be a rekindling of the fires, I think, on some household altars, and perhaps more than one new altar will be builded at which a father or mother will minister.

'How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

'The last morning had been one of great surprises. First of all the proprietor kindly tendered me the hospitalities of his house, has begged me to stay at least another week as his special guest. He based his plea on the good that had been done by the morning meetings. Then, while I was busy here and there I was summoned to the music room. Imagine my feelings when I found my little congregation gathered there to bid me a formal farewell. Kind words were spoken by one for all, a dainty souvenir was presented, two stanzas of 'Blest be the Tie That Binds," were sung, and with the benediction it was all over. The scene on the way to the train you have witnessed. To the loving Master, who has made so much out of such a commonplace little service, belongs all the glory. It was a revival, and it followed the building of a family altar.

'Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps, some day, He may use me
To water His flowers again.'

—'Presbyterian Journal.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Common Things.

(Hattie Dunsenbury, in the 'American Mesenger.')

I thank Thee for the common things,
The sunlight on the hills,
The fleecy clouds above me,
The murmur of the rills.

I thank Thee for the common things,
Birds, butterflies and flowers,
The pure air of the country,
The gentle springtime showers.

I thank Thee for the common things,
Home, happiness and peace,
And for Thy countless blessings
My praise shall never cease.

The Stewardess of the 'Stella.'

It was on a March morning, in the year 1899, that the steamship 'Stella' left Southampton, England, for Guernsey with 140 passengers and 42 crew aboard. Most of the passengers were looking forward to spending a pleasant Easter holiday at Guernsey or Jersey, but a few were natives of the Channel Islands returning from a visit to England.

For the first two hours the voyage was uneventful, but at about 1.30 the 'Stella' ran into a dense fog. The ship's speed was not reduced, but the fog-horn was kept going. There is nothing more depressing at sea than the dismal hooting of the fog-horn, and it is not surprising that some of the ladies aboard the 'Stella' became nervous. These, Mrs. Rogers, the stewardess, in a bright, cheery manner, endeavored to reassure.

Mary Rogers' life had been one of hard work and self-denial. Eighteen years previous to the 'Stella' making her last trip Mary Rogers' husband had been drowned at sea, and the young widow was left with a little girl two years old to support; and a few weeks later a boy was born. To bring her children up carefully and have them properly educated became Mrs. Rogers' chief object in life, and to enable her to do this she obtained her position as stewardess.

Her experience of the sea had been slight, and for five years after becoming stewardess she scarcely ever made a trip without being sea-sick. Many women would have resigned the appointment in despair, but Mary Rogers stuck to her post for the sake of her children. Ill though she might herself be, she always managed to appear happy, and to attend promptly to the requirements of the lady passengers.

When at last she was able to make a voyage without feeling sea-sick, her kindness to the ladies in her care became still more noticeable. In foggy or rough weather her bright, sympathetic manner cheered the drooping spirits of all who might be ill or nervous. At night she would go round, uncalled, and if she found any lady too nervous to sleep she would stay and talk to her for a time.

Only a few months before the 'Stella's' fatal trip, a lady passenger assured Mrs. Rogers that her bright, cheery sympathy had done much to make her trip pleasant.

'Well, you see, ma'am,' Mrs. Rogers replied, 'I don't believe in going about with a sad face, and it is a pleasure when one can help others in any way.'

At this time Mrs. Rogers' prospects were very bright. Her children, whom she declared 'any mother might be proud of, they are so good,' had grown up, and her daughter was to be married in the summer. In three years her son would finish his apprenticeship to a shipbuilder, and it was settled that then she was to retire from sea-life and live with her daughter, continuing, as she had done for several years, to support her aged father. But the days to which she was looking forward with pleasure she was never to see.

For two hours the 'Stella' ran through the dense fog on this fatal March 30th, and at about ten minutes to four the captain was under the impression that the Casquets lay eight miles to the east. But suddenly they loomed out of the darkness, and almost immediately the 'Stella' struck one of the dreaded rocks. Instantly the captain saw that there was no hope of saving his ship.

'Serve out the life-belts!' 'Out with the boats!' 'Women and children first!' were the orders he shouted from the bridge.

Mrs. Rogers did not for a moment lose her presence of mind, and by her activity many women were saved who would in all probability never have reached the deck. The ladies' saloon was long, but the door was somewhat narrow, and being round an awkward corner there would have been a fearful struggle to get through it, had a panic arisen.

But Mrs. Rogers, by her calmness and her promptitude, prevented anything approaching a panic, and got her passengers quickly on deck. To all who had not provided themselves with them she gave life-belts, and then assisted them into the boats. The last boat was nearly full—there was room for only one more—and the sailors in charge of it called to Mrs. Rogers to come into it.

Before attempting to do so she took a last look round, to see that all the ladies were gone, and saw that there was one still there, and without a life-belt. Instantly Mrs. Rogers took off her own, placed it upon her, led her to the boat, and gave up her last chance of escape. But the sailors who had witnessed her heroism did not wish to pull away without her.

'Jump, Mrs. Rogers, jump!' they shouted.

'No, no,' she replied, 'if I get in, the boat will sink. Good-bye, good-bye.'

Then raising her hands to heaven she cried, 'Lord, have me!' and almost immediately the ship sank beneath her.

Seventy lives were lost in the wreck of the 'Stella,' and the news of the terrible calamity cast a gloom over the Easter holidays. An enquiry was held to determine the cause of the ship getting out of her course, but the result need not be mentioned here. One thing that soon came to light was the story of Mary Rogers' heroism, which sent a thrill of admiration through all who heard it.

On the suggestion of Miss Frances Power Cobbe a public subscription was raised, and a handsome fountain erected at Southampton to commemorate this noble deed. The inscription, by Miss Cobbe, is as follows:—

'In memory of the heroic death of Mary Anne Rogers, Stewardess of the "Stella," who, on the night of March 30th, 1899, amid the confusion and terror of shipwreck, aided all the women under her chage to quit the vessel in safety, giving her own lifebelt to one who was unprotected. Urged by the sailors to make sure her escape, she refused, lest she might endanger the heavily-laden boat. Cheering the departing crew with the friendly cry or "Good-bye, good-bye!" she was seen a few moments later, as the "Stella" went down, lifting her arms upwards with the prayer, "Lord, have me," then sank in the waters with the sinking ship.'

Actions such as these—revealing steadfast performance of duty in the face of death, ready self-sacrifice for the sake of others, reliance on God—constitute the glorious heritage of our English race. They deserve perpetual commemoration, because among the trivial pleasures and sordid strife of the world, they recall to us for ever the nobility and love-worthiness of human nature.

The lesson that every one of us may learn is just the lesson that in quiet lives of duty and self-control the possibility of heroism is always present. Such heroic conduct as that of Mrs. Rogers was not the outcome of a sudden and momentary impulse. She was accustomed to live in the light of duty; and under all circumstances to place herself last.—'Friendly Greetings.'

A Boy's Essay on Hornets.

A hornet is the smartest bug that flies anywhere. He comes when he pleases, and goes when he gets ready. One way a hornet shows his smartness is by attending to his own business, and making everything who interferes with him wish they had done the same thing.

When a hornet stings a fellow he knows it, and never stops talking about it as long as his friends will listen to him. One day a hornet stung pa (my pa is a preacher) on the nose, and he did not do any pastoral visiting for a month without talking about that hornet.

Another way a hornet shows his smartness is by not procrastinating. If he has any business with you he will attend to it at once, and then leave you to think over it yourself. He don't do like the mosquito, who comes fooling around for half an hour singing, 'Cousin, Cousin,' and then when he has bled you all he can, dash away yelling, 'No kin.' A hornet never bleeds you; but if he sticks you, you will go off on a swell.

I don't know anything more about hornets, only that Josh Billings says: 'A hornet is an inflamnible (Josh was a poor speller) buzzer, sudden in his impreshums, and rather hasty in his conclusions, or end.'—'Epworth Herald.'

The Story of a Well-dressing.

Once a year, on the threshold of summer, the folk of Tissington, in the heart of Dovedale, assemble to give thanks for the abundant water-springs which keep their village cool and sweet. From all over the dales of lovely Derbyshire the people come in the month of May to join in the homely celebration known as 'the dressing of the wells,' which is the festival of the year.

The 'dressings' are really charming pieces of mosaic floral work, for which the choicest of blooms of cottage gardens are brought together. Each spring or well is almost hidden in flowers, in the centre of which is some picture or emblem, and daintily-worked text, arranged by families or friendly circles. The decorating of the wells is a cherished privilege, handed down for generations, and there is always an earnest desire to excel. People with long memories of the well-dressing say that it was never better done than now.

The custom is centuries old; by whom and when it was introduced is uncertain. It has spread into many other villages, and a very pretty story is told of its origin in Tissington.

Once upon a time, so it is said, there was a great drought in the land. The pastures were burned bare, flowing rivers wasted to a trickle,

and there was suffering for want of water. But to the very end of this rainless time the five wells of Tissington ran full and clear. So one day the grateful villagers dressed the wells with flowers, and marked the day as a holiday for all time. It is not a story we are bound to believe, though for want of a better —we do not say prettier—it holds the field in the ancient village.

When the thanksgiving service—the first part of the festival—is concluded in the time-worn parish church, where lie the old Fitzherberts, a procession is formed, consisting of the clergy from the neighboring parishes, members of the choir and congregation, and the visitors. In this fashion a circuit is made of the five wells, and songs of praise are rendered. In all cases a hymn is selected for the occasion, 'As pants the hart for cooling streams,' being one of the favorites. So the procession winds along the green lanes from well to well, the young voices ringing clear in the open air. With the singing out of doors, and the 'Amen' being said, the ceremony ends, though for the villagers and the young people there are many innocent pleasures in the afternoon.

One of the wells this year bore the text, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' reminding us that the Good Shepherd leads us by, or near, the still waters. He knows the way to the fountain where we may find refreshment in the day of pilgrimage and toil.

Another had the inscription, 'Come ye to the waters.' Each one of us is in these words urged to come to those waters of which we read in Ezekiel that they issue out of the sanctuary. They are pure and holy, and in them we may be cleansed from all sin and live for ever.

What is known as the Hall Well, a beautiful spring, was inscribed 'Christ is gone up,' teaching us that inasmuch as Christ has ascended, there will be a perennial and eternal flowing of the waters, which nothing can check or turn save our own sins. We do not depend on any fluctuating or insufficient supplies, because Christ, the Source of living waters, liveth evermore. While the throne of God and of the Lamb stands, and the river of the water of life proceeds from it clear as crystal, so long will it be possible for us to have an unfading spiritual beauty and a tender, sweet, fresh spring time in the soul.

Happy are they who 'draw water with joy out of salvation' every day and all the year round.—James Johnston, in the 'Christian.'

Have the Lower Animals Other Senses Than Ours?

(J. Carter Beard, in the 'Scientific American.')

If a person who could see, were to find himself in a region, the inhabitants of which had never known or heard of creatures that were not, like themselves, blind, the use of his eyes might enable him to perform acts which must be incomprehensible to them.

Imagine the bewilderment and surprise of these unseeing people in their encounter with one who could describe objects and recognize individuals without contact, avoid pitfalls without ascertaining their existence by the sense of feeling, and even announce the presence of objects at a very considerable distance.

Doubtless such sightless folk, if they were reasoning beings, would try in various ways to account for their visitor's achievements.

In doing this, moved by the impulse that leads us to measure the faculties of others by our own limitations, they might be inclined to credit him with a development of hearing or of smelling or of some other power exercised by themselves in apprehending external things, sufficiently extended to meet the case. The simpler and, all things considered, the more probable explanation that the performer possessed a sense absent in themselves, might be the last to occur, or, perhaps, prove acceptable when suggested to them.

In their unwillingness to accept such an interpretation of the facts, they would follow many of our scientists, who, until quite recently, have been reluctant to admit that a number of the lower animals possibly possess other senses than ours. So much new and undeniably affirmatory evidence is, however, now being offered on this point, that there can be no longer any substantial reason for doubting that the five senses man imperfectly exercises are by no means all that are possible to sentient creatures. One such sense not possessed by human beings, but to a greater or less degree almost universally present in mammals, birds, reptiles, fish, and insects, is what perhaps may be called the sense of 'localization.' It enables its possessor, apparently by its sole use, to find a desired spot. It is evidently closely connected with an instinctive and perfect memory of distance and direction. That the homing pigeon exercises it to some extent, though undoubtedly aided by the landmarks it recognizes, is indisputable; that the honey-bee has it in its fullness and perfection cannot, after the careful experiments of Albrecht Bethe in Germany, be doubted.

Perhaps as striking an instance of its use as any, is that related of the ringed seal, which furnishes the Eskimo of Greenland and of the Arctic archipelago with food and clothing. The female seal forms for herself an 'igloo' or domed cavity in the snow just above the breathing hole which she keeps open in the ice. Here her baby is born, and rests, sheltered from the fierce Arctic gales by the roof of snow overhead, on the ice near the breathing hole. To supply herself and the little creature with food, the mother seal has to swim for miles through water black as midnight without the faintest ray of light to guide her on her way; no light can penetrate the strata, dozens of feet thick, of ice and snow above. Aided by none of the faculties we exercise in apprehending external things, but by some mysterious power, of which we can form little or no conception, she follows swift, elusive fish in all their turnings, secures her prey, and returns, unerringly, to her own particular At-luk, or breathing hole, however distant, where her young one awaits her.

The celebrated French entomologist, I. H. Fabre, tried several experiments with mason bees; results which are useful in confirming those of Bethe on the honey-bee, and still further strengthening his position, insomuch as the mason bee is very different from the former, living as it does but a short time in the winged state, and not having opportunity to become acquainted with localities as distant as those to which Fabre carried it. One of these series of experiments made with bees, testified very convincingly to the fact that the sense or sight has nothing at all to do with the recognition of objects or of localities by the insects in question. A bowlder, to which a partially finished nest of a mason bee was attached, was, during the temporary absence of its builder, removed a short distance, but in plain sight of the place formerly occupied by it. The bee, returning, flew quickly to the spot where she had been carrying on her building operations, and walked about over the place, evidently much puzzled to imagine what had become of her unfinished dwelling. She then flew off, but speedily returned, and again she sought diligently in the selfsame spot for her absent nest. This she did a number of times, occasionally passing in her flight within a very few inches of the object she was in search of, without once recognizing it. When the nest and the bowlder to which it was attached were moved back again to within a very short distance of the locality to which she had always returned, the bee would at times actually alight upon the stone, visit the nest, run about over the bowlder as if to examine it, and then fly away again.

It is evidently its location in space and not its appearance that enables the bee to recognize its nest. Another nest put in place of her own was adopted by the mason bee without any question, although the nests were very different in appearance, the one consisting of a single incomplete cell, and the other of many cells.

These same powers and the same limitations belong to this localizing sense in wasps. One species of wasp, for instance, forms her nest in sandbanks that are sometimes acres in extent. Before leaving her burrow, the insect covers it over with sand, masking it so completely that it is entirely indistinguishable from the surrounding surface. On revisiting the nest, however, which she has to do in storing it with food, she flies without hesitation directly to it.

Another little wasp (Cerceris tuberculata) possesses this sense in a high degree, perhaps also another, for in choosing the beetles with which to store the burrows she digs in the soil for her future larvae, she never gets outside a particular family of these insects, but, remarkable as it may appear, will take specimens altogether different in appearance, shape, size, and color, provided they belong to the right family. The range of selection, so wide in respect to varieties, so limited as to kind, seems to point to some sense of which we know nothing, but which supplies the wasp with the power of discrimination required.

Fabre captured a dozen female wasps, dropped a spot of white paint on the thorax of every one, put each into a paper roll, put the rolls containing the prisoners into a box from which they were liberated one and a quarter miles from home. Five hours afterward, when he visited their home, four had returned, and he had little, if any, doubt that the others also found their way there. He afterward took nine of the insects to the town of Carpentras, a distance of two miles, and released them in the public street, in the centre of a populous quarter. Each wasp, on being released, rose vertically high enough between the houses to clear the roofs, and flew off in a southerly direction, in a beeline for her nest. On visiting the homes of the little wasps next day, he found that at least five out of the nine had 'put in an appearance.'

But perhaps the strangest instance of the possession of some sense unknown to us, occurs in the case of the parasitic wasp. This wasp lays her eggs in the cells built by the mason bee. The cell of this bee is placed in a mass of solid masonry, a part only of which is occupied by cells. Every cell is built with hard mortar, making an uneven surface, and access is rendered even more difficult by a layer of sun-baked clap spread over the whole. The wasp has perhaps to work uninterruptedly for three hours with the tools nature has furnished, to penetrate the defense provided by the mason bee for the egg and food stored in the cell. But the covering is uniform over the whole structure. How is the wasp to know that after all her work may not be in vain; that she may not penetrate masonry that covers no cell? This problem is easily solved by the

wasp, who walks slowly and, so to speak, thoughtfully over the clap, tests it with her antennae, and unfailingly selects the right spot to begin her work, which of course is to obtain access to the larvae of the mason bee, upon which her young will feed when the egg she lays there is hatched.

It is, to make the matter plain, as if a person were able to determine by feeling of the walls, three or four feet thick, of a prison, just where cells tenanted by the prisoners were situated.

Examples of insects that possess an X-ray sense can be multiplied indefinitely. Only one or two of the senses peculiar to the lower animals are here noticed. Lubbock suggests that 'there may be fifty of them.'

I do not know any more interesting field for zoological research and experiment than this—a field open to any one who has the requisite patience and love of nature to explore it.

A Favorite Japanese Game.

A favorite game of the Japanese is played as follows: One hundred well-known proverbs are selected, each divided into two parts, and each part printed on a separate card. The host of the evening has the hundred first halves, which he reads aloud, one by one; the hundred second halves are dealt to the other players, who place their cards face upward on the 'tatami,' or thick mat of rice straw on which they sit. As the first half of any proverb is read the holder of the second half throws it out, or if he sees it unnoticed among his neighbor's cards, seizes it and gives him one of his own. The player who is first 'out' wins. It is a very simple game, but it affords great entertainment to the players, for the quick-sighted and keen-witted are constantly seizing the cards of their duller and slower neighbors, and this leads to much laughter and many good-natured sarcasms.—'Onward.'

The Good of Unsuccess.

The late Mr. Freeman, who wrote the best history we have of the Norman Conquest, when he was a student at Oxford tried for a prize which was to be given for the best essay on the Norman Conquest. He says:—'Fortunately, I failed to win the prize. Had I won it, I should have flattered myself I knew all about the subject. As it was, I went on and learned something about it.' That 'something' he afterwards gave out in his famous history. Boys and girls, use your failures in this way. Do not give up because you have failed once. A little more hard work will perhaps turn the failure into a success.—'Temperance Leader.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

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The Master's Garden.

AN EXERCISE FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

(Marie Zetterberg, in the 'S.S. Times.')

Little children, representing the flowers of the garden, fill the platform. Back of them stands a row of young girls holding flowers. Two young girls wearing wreaths stand on either side of the foreground.

First Recitation (recited by the young girl at the right).

The whole world is a garden, wondrous fair
Where little children blossom for the Lord.
Their beauty is for him, their tenderness,
Their soft endearing ways.
Full well he knows each little flower that grows,
Its heart cup holds his blessing
And its petals tell his love.
The daffodil and lily give to him
Their fragrant lives.
The daisy yields each hour its living gold,
The prairie flower, the meadow briar, the rose,
Are all alike to him.
He knows them all by name,
And cares for them by night when gleaming stars
Shine softly down upon the garden-beds;
By day doth guard them gently, lest they droop
Beside the wayside path or on the steep.
Oft doth the Gardener pluck some tender flower.
And bear it to the Upper Garden, where,
Transplanted, it becomes an Immortelle.

Song (sung by the young girls).

In the first stanza and chorus, the little flower children take a stooping position and shut their eyes in sleep. In the second stanza they rise.

Melody: 'When He Cometh.'

Little children, little children
Who sleep when day closes,
Are the blossoms, living blossoms,
God calleth His own.

Chorus (softly):

In the dusk they are sleeping
Together, low sleeping,
While angels above them
Shall care for God's own.

Little children, little children,
That wake in the dawning,
Are the blossoms, living blossoms,
God calleth His own.

Chorus.

Sweet flowers of the morning,
God's hillsides adorning,
Are the blossoms, living blossoms,
God calleth His own.

Recitation (young girl at the left):

A song of a garden, a garden that holds
Flowers, human, divine, and God-given,
Of whom it is written in life's Treasure Book,
'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Song (by the little flower children):

Melody: 'When He Cometh.'

Little children, little children,
With hearts full of singing,
Are the blossoms, sunny blossoms,
In God's meadows fair.

Chorus (in the third line, the children lift their heads and look upward).

Happy flowers! happy flowers!
That grow in God's garden,
Upward lifting, upward lifting
Their faces in prayer.

Little children, little children,
Their loving hearts bringing,
Are the blossoms, sunny blossoms,
In God's meadows fair.

Cho.: Happy flowers, etc.

An Engraving Feat.

(The 'Religious Intelligencer.')

Mr. Houseal, an engraver in Baltimore, has accomplished the feat of engraving the alphabet on the head of a pin. Mr. Houseal, who rarely uses a glass in his work, can read the letters with the naked eye, and, although there are few persons whose eyesight is so strong, a common magnifying glass serves to make them easily distinguishable.

The letters range from left to right, and all are capitals. In the first circle around the edge of the pin are the letters A to M inclusive. Within this is a second circle beginning at N and ending at Z, and directly in the centre is the & mark.

The diameter of the pinhead is barely a sixteenth of an inch, and it can be understood how small the letters must be. They are about one-fourth the size of the letters in the Lord's prayer engraved on a gold dollar. The work occupied about an hour and a half.

One Boy's Chance.

A gentleman stopped suddenly before a sign that told him messenger boys were to be had inside. He hesitated, and then went in.

'How many boys have you in now?' he asked.

'Six,' was the reply; 'it's dull to-day.'

'Boys,' said the gentleman, eyeing them all scrutinizingly, 'I suppose you know there is to be an exhibition of trained dogs to-night?'

The faces of the boys showed that they were perfectly aware of that fact, and that they might even give him some points in regard to the event.

'Well, I am looking for a boy to take a blind man to see it.'

A titter was the first response; then followed a variety of expressions, as, 'What could a blind man see?' and, 'You can't guy us that way.'

'I'm not jesting; I'm in earnest,' said Mr. Davis; and then, looking at one of the boys who had said nothing, he asked: 'Well, what do you think of it?'

'I think I could do it,' was the reply.

'How do you propose to make him see it?'

'Through my eyes, sir. That's the only way he could see it.'

'You're the boy I'm after,' said Mr. Davis, and he arranged for him to meet the blind man.

The exhibition was in a large theatre, and the blind man and his guide had a box to themselves, where they would disturb no one; but Mr. Davis, from his seat in the audience, knew that the boy was telling what went on, so that the blind man could understand. Indeed, no one applauded more heartily than the blind man himself.

The following day Mr. Davis again appeared among the messenger boys, and after a few words with the manager said:

'Boys, there was offered every one of you yesterday, a chance for lifting yourselves up in the world, but only one of you grasped it. My friend the blind man has felt for some time that he might get much pleasure out of life if he could find some young eyes to do his seeing for him, with an owner who could report in-

telligently. My friend is delighted with the experiment. He says he is sure I hit upon the one boy in town who will suit him, and has offered him a good position with a fine salary. Messenger boys are easy to get; but a boy who can make a blind man see is at a premium. You see, that boy, though he did not know it, was on the watch for a good opportunity, and when it came he knew how to manage it.'—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

'A Very Little Fault.'

(Mrs. Cutler, in the 'Sunday at Home.')

'I do think you're making an awful fuss about it, mother.'

Frank Mansford stood by the window, his hands in his pockets and a frown upon his usually bright face. Mrs. Mansford looked up from her needlework with a slight smile.

'I have no wish to make an "awful fuss," as you call it, Frank,' she remarked, 'but I am very sorry your father had to do the books himself when he was so very busy.'

Frank shifted uneasily.

'Of course, if I'd known he was in such a jolly hurry——' he commenced.

'My dear boy,' broke in his mother, 'that is misrepresenting things a little bit, isn't it? You had the whole evening in which to do the books, and at bed-time they were only just begun. So father did them himself after you were all in bed.'

There was nothing to be said to this, so Frank was silent, but the frown upon his face deepened.

'Anyway, mother,' he recommenced after a little pause, 'if I'm a little lazy that isn't as bad as some things. You know what Mr. Adams says about me. I don't play truant like young Tomkins, or disobey you—why you say yourself the Hanburys never take any notice of what their mother says—and I never—at least hardly ever—fly into passions like——'

'Dick,' put in another voice, as a boy a year or two younger than Frank rose from the easy chair where he had been curled up and laid down the book he had been reading. Both Frank and his mother looked round in surprise, for Dick had been so quiet that they had entirely forgotten his presence, indeed, Dick when buried in a book did not count as an auditor, and had it not been for the fact that he had just reached the end of the last chapter, it is probable that he would have heard nothing of the present conversation.

'Go on, my dear brother,' he said, 'don't let me interrupt you. Your trumpeter's dead, evidently. "Don't fly into passions like Dick" you were about to remark. Then I should like to know the meaning of that dig in the ribs you gave me when you got into bed last night. He asked me if I wanted all the bed, mother, and I was lying stiff and straight on the very edge of it.'

Dick described his wrongs so comically that even Frank could not help laughing.

'Well, I was a bit cross last night, certainly,' he acknowledged, 'but that was because father talked as if I didn't want to do the books. But you know what I mean, don't you, mother?'

Mrs. Manaford waited till Dick had gone before she answered. Then she laid down her needlework, and crossed the room to where Frank was standing.

'Frank,' she began, 'I do understand perfectly, and I don't want you to think I am scolding you. I know very well that Mr. Adams cannot say enough in your praise, and there are your good-conduct prizes as a proof. You have so many good qualities that I can't bear to see this one fault growing upon you, as I am sure it is. The great danger lies in the fact that you think it so small and unimportant. But a small fault unchecked has often spoiled a whole character, and hindered the usefulness of a life. You must forgive me talking so seriously, Frank, but I don't want anything to spoil the noble Christian life that I have planned for you,' and the speaker's eyes rested lovingly on the boy's serious face.

Frank raised his eyes as his mother finished and smiled back at her.

'You're awfully good, mother,' he said affectionately, 'and I really am sorry about the books. But don't be afraid. You shall see a difference in the future. I'll work like a nigger just to please you.'

'Not just to please me,' his mother responded smiling, 'there is some one else you want to please, I know. Ask God to give you the strength, my boy. Without him you will find it impossible to conquer even the smallest fault.'

When Frank told his mother that for her sake he would conquer his laziness, he really meant what he said. But it is always easier to make resolutions than to keep them, and though he had listened seriously to her words, he still retained the feeling that after all there was no cause for alarm. Perhaps his position in the school, as one of the most promising pupils, had helped to make him somewhat self-satisfied, and inclined him to overlook a fault which had so little interfered with his progress there. But in school, where he was fond of his work and very anxious to please his master, and perhaps to surpass his schoolmates, there were few temptations to laziness. It was at home, when required to perform some little duties in the house or in the garden, to help his father in the shop, or to make up the business accounts, that his fault was most in evidence.

'Look out, Frank!' cried Dick some few mornings after the foregoing conversation, as he jumped briskly out of bed, 'there's mother calling again. You'd better get out of it sharp.'

Frank's only answer to this was a dissatisfied grunt as he turned over and again settled himself comfortably in the bed.

'Oh, very well,' remarked Dick, somewhat offended at the effect of his words, 'it's nothing to do with me, of course. Pray do as you like, only remember if you're late for breakfast again father'll have something to say.'

Dick said no more till he was ready to go downstairs. Then he paused, the door-handle already in his hand. 'I'm sorry to disturb your slumbers,' he said sarcastically, 'but I should just like to say that mother's called you three times already, and it must be getting late.'

There was an impatient movement in the bed.

'Why can't you leave a fellow alone,' came Frank's voice from under the clothes. 'You don't suppose every one takes so long to dress as you, do you?'

Frank was really feeling very tired this morning, and much inclined to indulge himself. However, he had learned by this time that it was of no use waiting until he wanted to get up, and this being so, it was very unwise of him not to do so at once.

What happened next he could only guess afterwards, but gradually there came over him a vague feeling that Dick had been gone some time. With a thrill of alarm he sat up and listened. All was very quiet downstairs. He must have been to sleep again. Was it very late? he wondered anxiously.

It took our hero but a very few minutes to dress and rush downstairs. Ah! it was as he feared! The other had finished breakfast and gone, and his mother was alone in the room. Worst of all, the hands of the clock pointed to five minutes to nine. There was just time, if he hurried. Frank picked up his books.

'You haven't had your breakfast, Frank,' interposed his mother.

Now Frank was rather ashamed of himself and wanted very much to lay the blame of what had happened upon some one else. As this was clearly impossible, he was becoming decidedly cross.

'I don't want any breakfast,' he said, shortly. 'It's time I was at school now.'

'Nonsense, Frank,' said another voice, as his father came into the room, 'you'll certainly not go to school without any breakfast. I have more regard for your health than that. Your mother called you three times and I would not allow you to be called any more. If you are late it is entirely your own fault.'

There was no help for it, so Frank sat down. Never before had he eaten his breakfast so quickly as he did that morning. At last, after what seemed like an interminable time, but was really only five minutes, he was allowed to go.

There was a special reason just now to account for this great desire to be at school in time. Mr. Adams had been much annoyed lately by unpunctuality, and was inclined to treat with severity those who could not show an adequate reason for it in the shape of a message from their parents.

When Frank arrived breathless in the school-porch he found it occupied by three boys, two of whom were passing away the time with a game of marbles, while the other was rather disconsolately watching them. But, what was of far more consequence to Frank, the door was shut.

'Hullo, Frank,' cried the players, 'are you late, too? You've got a note, haven't you? Old Dodson hasn't, that's why he's looking so glum. You and he are in for it, I expect.'

Frank felt an insane desire to knock the two cheerful questioners down, but fortunately there was no time for more, as the door was now thrown open.

As Frank followed the other boys down the school-room and up to the master's desk he felt devidedly uncomfortable, while the triumphant way in which his two companions displayed their notes made him long to do something desperate. To his great relief, however, the ordeal was not so bad as he had expected. Mr. Adams, in spite of his desire for punctuality, had no wish to treat with severity two boys who bore such a high character as the present culprits, so though they had no excuses to present, he contented himself with a word of warning respecting the future. But the relief which Frank felt was mingled with another, and much stronger feeling. That walk up to the master's desk had been very hurtful to his pride and had made him feel very small indeed. The rather interested glances which he received from his class-mates he magnified into insults, and when, catching Dick's eye as he sat in the next class, he was greeted with a look which said very clearly, 'I told you so,' Frank felt a strong desire to hurl something at his brother's head.

(To be continued.)

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Phil's Paper Boat.

(By Priscilla Leonard, in 'The Child's Hour.')

Uncle Harry made the boat for Phil. He stopped at the house over night on his way to Chicago, and made the Shamrock IV., as he called it, for his small nephew before bedtime. 'Sail it in a tub,' he said, 'and it will last you a good while. It's not a sea-going vessel, you know, but only fit for the coasting trade.'

Phil and Jim tried it next day in a tub that Mary, the cook, put on the wash-house bench for them. They blew it across from one side to the other, and then they put a crew on board—two of Phil's tin soldiers, who turned out to be very good marines. The Shamrock IV. floated high and gallantly over the waves, and the sheet of note paper that formed her mainsail bore her swiftly along. She was certainly a trim little craft.

'Pshaw!' said Phil, after they had sailed the marines a dozen times across the tub: 'this isn't big enough for such a good boat. I'm going to take her out to the park and sail her on the lake.'

So he went to ask mother, but she was out. Phil was allowed to go to the park, though, and so why not to the lake as well, he thought. He and Jim marched off, carrying the Shamrock IV. and her crew, and were soon by the water. Usually there were over so many children there, playing and sailing all sorts of boats. But this time it wasn't a very nice day, and there was a good deal of a breeze, and so the lake was deserted. One boy had a wooden boat far out on the water. He was bigger than Phil, and had a dog with him—a pretty black water spaniel.

'You put your boat in here,' he said to Phil, 'and the wind will carry her over to the other side, same as mine is going. Then you can go round and get her when she sails in. Say, though, I wouldn't try to sail that boat across. Why, she's nothing but paper.'

'She can sail as good as any boat. My Uncle Harry made her for me,' said Phil, proudly. He launched the Shamrock IV. upon the ruffling waves, and at first the two marines sailed her very well. Phil and Jim walked round the lake toward where they thought she would land. But a flaw of wind caught her sail, and she veered round and came in near shore, one marine standing unsteadily by the mast, the other lying flat in the stern. Then she got into trouble. The note-paper sail did not keep in place, but turned and twisted like a weathercock. The waves tossed her up and down, and suddenly, with a flutter like a hurt bird, she turned over on her side and bobbed helplessly on the water, only a few feet from the shore. Her hapless crew went down as she turned over. Phil was so excited that he waded into the water. It wasn't deep, but then Phil wasn't very big, and a stout park policeman, who saw him, rushed in after him, lifted him up by the collar, and carried him back to the shore.

HE CARRIED HIM DRIPPING TO THE SHORE

'Kape out of the water,' said the policeman. 'Is it drownded ye want to be? Now run along home and change yer clothes, or ye'll catch your death of cold, Sonny.'

'I want my boat,' said Phil, shivering, but determined not to leave the shipwrecked Shamrock behind. 'Please let me get it!'

'Well, you'll have to want it,' replied the policeman. 'I can't be wadin' out afther paper boats, and I'll not let you into the water again. Run along.'

But just then the big boy came up with his dog. 'I'll send Jack in after your boat,' he said, encouragingly. 'He'll fetch it for you. Here, Jack! Go fetch it, old fellow!'

Jack plunged in obediently. He neared the Shamrock IV., caught it in his teeth, and swam back in a trice. Then he stood wagging his tail, as if to say, 'Glad to do it for you. Anything else you'd like?'

'Oh, thank you,' cried Phil to the boy, while Jim patted Jack on the head.

'Now run along, will you!' said the policeman. 'Go right home, and run all the way to keep warm.'

It was good advice, and Phil took it. But as he ran, he and Jim looked ruefully at the poor Shamrock IV. hanging limp and crushed from its owner's hand. Jack's teeth had made holes in its sides; the note-paper sail was a ruin, and the mast was broken in two places. The Shamrock IV. would never sail again, and her two marines lay at the bottom of the lake, beyond all rescue.

A week afterward Uncle Harry came back from Chicago, and stopped

over night again. Phil told him the tale of the shipwreck in a very hoarse voice, for he had caught a bad cold wading in the lake.

'If I make you another boat,' said Uncle Harry, 'I guess it would be better to name it 'The Cake of Soap.'

'Why?' asked Phil, wondering.

'Because it belongs in the tub,' said Uncle Harry, and laughed at his own joke.

So the 'Cake of Soap' was made, and had many a successful voyage in charge of the remaining marines. But Phil never tried it on the lake, for he had learned better.

A Lesson from My Thimble.

(By Aunt Julia, in an old 'S.S. Advocate.')

(Reprinted by Request).

When I was a little girl five years old, my mother brought me home the prettiest little thimble that I had ever seen. It was white and bright, with a round top, and on the rim were some letters. I began to spell them out, and my mother helped me, for it was a long word—P-e-r, per, s-e, se, per-se, v-e-r-e, vere, per-se-vere. And then she told me what it meant—to go through with what you begin, to keep at it no matter what might hinder, to stick to it till you finish it.

I was very eager to learn to sew, and I thought with my new thimble it would be very easy. But all did not go smoothly. Many and many a time I made long stitches, and had to pull them out, or I could not thread my needle, or I pricked my fingers, or I wanted, O, ever so bad! to go out doors and play. Then my mother would tell me to read what my thimble said. It went hard at times, but on the whole I minded it, and I soon learned to sew very nicely; so my friends said. Before I was seven years old I had pieced a whole bed-quilt, and done many little jobs besides.

I came across that thimble the other day among my things. It was old and dingy and bent, but the word was there still—Persevere. 'Ah! old thimble,' said I, 'your work is done, but I am yet practicing the lesson you taught me so well. When things have come before me a great deal harder than piecing bed-quilts I have said "Persevere," and gone on to success.'

And now, my little folks, I want you to learn a lesson from my little thimble. If you have what you think a very hard task, stick to it, go right through it, for that is the easiest way to get rid of it. If you leave it till some other time it will still have to be done, and you will then find it much harder to do it. For every time you give up will make it harder to persevere the next time; but every time you persevere will make it easier for you to go on and do what is to be done the next time. Succe s to you, my little folks! And if you have not a thimble with 'Persevere' on it, write the word in your copy book, and in your head, and in your heart. Remember it, practice it. Persevere.

Little Lights.

Just where Jesus puts them
Little lights should shine—
'You in your small corner,
And I in mine.'

Far across this country,
Far across the sea,
What we do for Jesus
Like a light shall be.

While the world of darkness
Needs our little light,
We must keep on shining,
Ever clear and bright.

—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

A Little Heroine.

(By Marguerite).

'Mamma what is a heroine,' asked Tottie, looking up from the story book which she was reading. 'One very good definition which I remember reading,' answered mamma, 'defines a hero or heroine, as 'One who can and does control tongue, hands and heart, in the face of great provocation.' 'My little girl can be one if she likes,' she added smiling. 'How mamma? how could I?' enquired Tottie in great surprise.' 'I thought it was only grown up ladies like you and auntie who could be heroines. I'm too little.'

'Too little to control your tongue so that it won't say naughty things to mamma? Surely not.' Tottie blushed rosy red to the tips of her little ears, but did not answer, so mamma went on. 'Are you too little to control your hands so that they won't slap little brother Freddy when he takes your play things.' Tottie blushed redder still, and twisted her fingers nervously, but still she did not speak. 'Is my little daughter too small to try to keep bad thoughts out of her heart? Surely not,' said mamma, taking the little hot flushed face between her hands and kissing it tenderly. 'But mamma,' said Tottie, hesitatingly, 'In books the heros always kill a great many men in battle, or shoot a lion all alone, or something like that, and the heroines go out in the sea when it is stormy, like Grace Darling did, or nurse sick soldiers like Florence Nightingale. They never write about little girls who try to be good, at least, they don't call them heroines.' 'I know they don't dear, but they are heroines all the same, don't you remember your text last Sunday? He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.'

That evening mamma and papa were going out to a concert, and Tottie begged very hard to be allowed to go too. Papa, who indulged his little daughter rather more than was good for her, was inclined to let her go, but mamma said, 'No,' it would be after ten o'clock before they got home, and that was too late for Tottie, for she would be tired and sleepy long before the concert was over. Tottie was just about to cry and say naughty things to her mamma, when she remembered that was not the way to be a heroine; so she said: 'All right, mamma,' and went away to play. Mamma was so pleased with her little girl that she called her back, and told her she might invite her little playmate from next door in for the evening, and that cook would give them some bread and jam, so they could have a tea-party. 'Tell nurse that I said you might remain up until eight o'clock,' she added, as they drove off.

(To be continued.)

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LESSON IX.—MAY 28.

The Crucifixion.

John xix., 17-30.

Golden Text.

Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures. I. Cor. xv., 3. a

Commit verses 25-27.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 22.—John xix., 1-16.
Tuesday, May 23.—John xix., 17-30.
Wednesday, May 24.—John xix., 31-42.
Thursday, May 25.—Ps. xxii., 11-24.
Friday, May 26.—Dan. ix., 20-27.
Saturday, May 27.—Is. lxiii., 1-9.
Sunday, May 28.—Heb. x., 1-14.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The quadruple description of the crucifixion is a literary marvel. Though a circumstance of transcendent importance, the narrative of it is surprisingly condensed. There is no spinning out of details, no obtrusion of the personal opinions and sentiments of the narrators. Here is a suggestion of how we ourselves should approach Calvary. It is not a theme for volubility. There should be no striving to magnify its painful horrors, or to compare the physical sufferings of its victims with those of others. A spiritual interpretation is the thing desirable. A personal appropriation by faith is great riches.

We first have the numbering of Jesus with transgressors. He was crucified between the malefactors, the insurgent robber and murderer. He who could challenge the world to impeach his sinfulness, was 'made sin.' He was put to the extremity of a convicted felon. With the shedding of his blood begins his mediatorial prayer, 'Father, forgive them.' The 'inventiveness of love' finds a palliating circumstance in their ignorance. 'They know not what they do.' The prayer sweeps out to include, not the coarse executioners alone, but the cunning conspirators who use them as their tools. It is enough to brand it with infamy that destroying vice of gambling, that it obtruded itself at the crucifixion. The soldiers threw dice to determine which should have the most valuable garment of the sufferer. They 'chanced off' the seamless robe.

He saved others.' Unconscious, undesigned encomium! 'Let him save himself!' Last recurrence of the wilderness temptation! That which is a literal possibility is a moral impossibility. Except he stay upon the cross he cannot be a Saviour. If he remains not, he cannot utter that ineffable cry, 'It is finished!' —'the work the Father gave me to do.' Keener than mortal pangs are the brutal gibes of rulers, populace, and soldiery. That triple inscription may signify that the story of the cross is destined to go into all languages, as it there appeared in the tongues of conquest, culture, and colloquy.

The 'third word' of Jesus from his cross is a lustrous example of filial affection. Even shame and agony of his crucifixion was not sufficient to divert his thought from his mother or to confuse his judgment as to what would be the best provision for her. In touching and significant terms he commended her to the care of his dearest friend.

The sovereign power of redeeming love has a splendid exemplication even in the deepening gloom of Calvary. As the hours wear away, the innocence, the Divinity of his fellow-sufferer dawns upon the mind of the malefactor. It pains him to hear the continued railing of his comrade in crime. He chides him, reminding him of the justness of their condemnation, and affirming the guiltlessness of Jesus. To eye of faith there opens to him a blissful vista beyond the chasm of death. He recognizes the sufferer, spite of his marred visage as monarch of that realm. In the strength of a belief that prompts to action, he joins his fortunes irrevocably with those of the crucified Nazarene, and entreats recognition when he comes to the regal splendors of his coronation. What Jesus did then, he has been doing ever since. He opened paradise to a penitent. But his obedience unto death, even the death of the cross, was the key, and the only one, to unlock that paradise.

Nature, as if become sentient on account of the incomparable tragedy now enacting, drapes herself in a veil of impenetrable blackness. In that darkness, the seventh word from the cross is heard. The Son having drunk to its dregs the cup the Father had given him, now, in the very hour and article of death, confidently commends his soul to that Father.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

Pilate's ironical inscription had a germ of truth in it. Jesus is King. His dominion is wider than the most ambitious Caesar ever dreamed of.

What was a taunt to the Jews was a tribute to Jesus. Pilate would fain acknowledge him a kingly spirit, of whom the Jews were not worthy. To this covered eulogy of the procurator the dying thief added his 'Thy kingdom.'

The Cross is ever devisive—once separated a believer from an unbeliever. It does so yet wherever it is preached. People range themselves in two classes. The cross is the divisor.

A study of Calvary reveals the intensive forcefulness of the expression, 'Crucify the Son of God afresh.' Indifference, unbelief, and apostasy are doing this daily.

It is inconceivable that the spirit of Jesus, just mingled with common air, was dissipated and lost, as to its identity, when he breathed it forth. He commended it as an inconceivably precious thing to the care of a personal God, the Father of Spirits.

The Lord of Life helped the dying penitent at his side to stand the shock of dissolution by the assurance of a perpetuation of conscious life beyond, and an immediate entrance to Paradise.

When Jesus entered Paradise it was in company with an executed criminal. This trophy of his redeeming love, this evidence of the power of his cross, he presented to all the intelligences of the sky.

The procession to the cross was the most pitiful earth has ever seen. The centurion rode in advance. The guard was numerous enough to make rescue of the prisoners impossible. The condemned had boards daubed with gypsum hung about their necks, on which was record of their crimes in black letters. In the rear came the slaves carrying refreshments for the soldiers, besides the nails, hammers, and ropes necessary for the execution. Following all was such an unsavory crowd as a public execution would draw in our own day.

Golgotha is supposed to have its name from the fact that it was a rounded hilltop—bare, rocky, with a shining surface, suggesting a human skull.

There was probably in Jerusalem as in many cities of that day a benevolent guild of women who sought to mitigate the sufferings of the condemned by administering anaesthetics to them. As Jesus desired to preserve his senses during the ordeal, he declined the offices of the agent of such a society.

Two circumstances happening on the way to the cross are mentioned: At sight of an innocent One led to such a shocking death, women wept. Jesus turned, and as if with the siege of Jerusalem in view, bade them rather weep for themselves and their children.

The fainting strength of Jesus makes the impressing of some one to bear his cross necessary. Simon was probably not an African, as is often supposed. For in Cyrene, Northern Africa, there was a colony of Jews.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

Jesus in the midst: To hold him up as the worst of the three. Pilate wrote a title: Drew out the inscription in such terms as to inflict another wound on Jewish pride. Hebrew, Greek and Latin, the language of the country, the current language, the official language. His coat without seam—tunic—woven from top to bottom: Denoting skill and labor necessary to produce such a garment. Work of one or more of the women who ministered to him. Woman, behold thy Son: What forgetfulness of self! What filial love! From that hour: Either from that moment (in which case Mary was spared the further laceration of her feelings by the sight of her Son's sufferings) or after all was over. That the Scripture might be accomplished: Probably the meaning is that Jesus permitted himself to express his sense of bodily suffering ('I thirst') because he knew that his duty was completely discharged and prophecy fulfilled. Put it upon a hyssop: Though the stock of this plant does not exceed eighteen inches, it would suffice, as the feet of the crucified persons were not raised higher. Had received: Contrast his refusal of the stupefying mixture formerly offered to him. It is finished: A cry of triumph, 'I have overcome the world.' Bowed his head: A fact recorded only by John: The visible counterpart of the words recorded by Luke, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' Gave up: A voluntary surrender of life.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 28.—Topic—Missions in Roman Catholic countries. Ps. lxvii., 1-7.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE RIVEN ROCK.

Monday, May 22.—God must be sanctified. Lev. x., 3.

Tuesday, May 23.—'Ye sanctified me not.' Deut. xxxii., 48-52.

Wednesday, May 24.—'Ye rebelled.' Num. xxvii., 12-14.

Thursday, May 25.—'I proved thee.' Ps. lxxxi., 7.

Friday, May 26.—'I besought the Lord.' Deut. iii., 23-27.

Saturday, May 27.—'Thou shalt not go in.' Deut. i., 37.

Sunday, May 28.—Topic—The story of the riven rock. Num. xx., 1-13; Ps. cvi., 32, 33.

Prayer Circles.

Never let the young people feel that there is such a thing as getting too old to come to Sunday-school. Adapt the lessons to their ages so that it will meet the demands of their growth. As soon as possible give them something to do, that will make them feel it is their school, and they are needed in it.

Establish a social relation with them, that will mean more to them than the attractions that draw them away.

Teach them the Bible from the infant class to old age, let it be the 'lamp to their feet and the light to their path.' Let them know that the Sunday-school is the one 'place where God's Word is taught exclusive of all others.'

Leave out of the lesson, as much as possible, minor points, and in the short time given to the portion of Scripture selected for the day, teach them to reverence God, his Word, the place where it is taught, his day, and all who are working for him. Each one of these things will be a link to bind the scholar to the Sunday-school, that other things will fail to sever as they grow older.

Another link is to have a prayer circle comprised of the class and teacher, the school and teachers, the officers, pastors and teachers and school. This will be a double safeguard. A praying, God-fearing young person will love and remain in the Sunday-school.—M. J. Fultz in 'Ram's Horn.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

Correspondence

THE 'MESSENGER' COT.

Dear Boys and Girls,—Just a word about our cot. Some of you have already sent in your gift towards it. We know you must feel very happy about it, because if there is one thing above another that makes people happy it is giving that others may be better or happier. If you cannot send even a two-cent stamp, you can at least pray regularly for the little patient in the cot.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

N.B.—If you send a sum under fifty cents, send it in two-cent stamps; if above fifty cents, send it in the form of a postal or money order.—Ed. Cor.

OUR PICTURES FOR THIS WEEK.

1. 'Ruby.' F. L. Traviss (11), B. H., Ont.
2. 'Champion Pacer.' Willie T. M. A. (14), Hamilton, Ont.
3. 'The McLachlin' (automobile). Clarence J. (8), M., Ont.
4. 'Schoolhouse and Grounds.' Beatrice McK. (12), R., Ont.
5. 'Maple Leaf.' Willie E. (13), Hamilton, Ont.
6. 'At School.' Edna R., C. G., N.S.
7. 'My Rose.' Ida M. K. (9), Bryanston, Ont.
8. 'Rose.' Edna J. (15), M., Ont.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Maggie B., Kingston, N.B., tells us how the pupils of the school she goes to gave their principal a beautiful clock on the occasion of his wedding.

Myrtle M. (10), Dunn's Valley, Ont., can play the organ by ear. The lakes near where she lives have Indian names.

Mildred May L. (12), Boissevain, has a grey pony who will rap on the door for some one to let it in; if hungry, it will lay its head on some one's lap, and when you say 'Put the dog out,' it runs to the door.

Willie G. C. (8), Brockville, Ont., says: 'We made a rink in our yard last winter, and skated there at night.'

Alice E. S., Lady Cove, Nfld., liked Emma R.'s letter very much, but does not say why it interested her. Some little time back we asked you to fill in forms voting for the best letters in different numbers. We did not get quite enough replies to make us think you were much interested in voting, so we let it drop. However, one form sent in showed that the girl liked the letters either because there was something unusual in them, as boys sewing, or what she knew very little about, such as Indians, or else a description of something that interested her. We would like you to mention the letters you like specially, and why.

Stuart P., Whitfield, Ont., says: 'We have a new team of horses to break in, that will be some fun,' and 'we have a horse that in winter we often hitch to a hand sleigh and then we have a ride.

Hettie K. (13), has read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Little Men,' and 'Little Women.' We hope many of you have read these four books.

Ella M. C., St. Mary's, Ont., sends thanks for her Bible.

Edith L. (8) describes herself as follows: 'I have grey eyes, light hair, and am three feet ten inches tall. I weigh fifty pounds.'

Chauncey S. (9) Stanstead Plain, Que., writes a neat little letter. He takes care of the hens on the farm.

Would Charlie T., Arcadie, N.S., who sent a picture, tell us his age?

Will Jean M. O., Belleville, Ont., tell us what her picture represents, or send another.

Harold J. C. (9), Woodstock, Ont., says geography is his best study.

Rachel R. (9), Truro, N.S., has two white cats. Her sister teaches her at home in stormy weather. She has a grandmother with wonderful eyesight who, though eighty-seven, can read small type. We hope Rachel will be careful of her eyes and preserve them as well.

Sadowa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, so I thought I would write now. We get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and like it very much. My father is a farmer. I have three brothers and three sisters, and eighty first cousins living. I have one grandpapa living with us, who is eighty-four years old. My father and my two oldest brothers went out hunting last fall, and shot six deer.
CHESTER K.

Russeldale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I never wrote to the 'Messenger' before. We have just arrived here from the Old Country, and we have been getting the 'Messenger' since we came here, and we all like it very much. I am the oldest, and am eleven years old. I have four brothers and one sister. I go to school every day. We live in a nice village called Russeldale. I have a pup called 'Captain,' and a cat and ten hens.
NEIL MacK.

Las Flores, South America, Buenos Ayres.

Dear Editor,—I am working on the railway now as a messenger boy. There has been a strike here on the railway for this last week. There were only nine of us left on the station, and we had to do all the work. We had to go back to our houses with police, and now the men are all going back to work again. They wanted more wages. My brother that is in Canada is going to take up a homestead for us all to go. I am in a hurry to go. This country must be something like Canada. Here they rear a lot of cattle and sheep. We have been in this town for a year. It is a small town. I will mention a few things about it. It has a Catholic Church and a Protestant Church and school and seven or eight Spanish schools, nine or ten grocery stores, four blacksmiths, two theatres, a police-court, and a railway station. The town has about 8,000 inhabitants. Before we came to this town we lived on a farm of 500 acres. We had a thousand sheep and fifty cows, thirteen horses, pigs, hens, etc. My father is on a farm three hundred miles from here, which is of nine thousand, six hundred acres. On the farm there are lots of cattle, sheep and horses. I have read a lot of books. These are some of them: 'Black Beauty,' 'Miss Moffat,' 'The Hero of a Family,' 'The Fairy in the Wood,' 'Golden Stories,' and some others. We are ten children, and my oldest sister is a teacher. We are going to Canada in two or three months, so I hope we will like the country.
CHARLES H. D. (age 13).

Shallow Lake, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write you my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have a brother and a sister. My brother's name is Cyrus and my sister's name is Roxie. The only pets we have are a bird and a dog. We get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school. I have read a large number of letters that have been written to the 'Messenger,' and thought it was my turn to write.
RUBY C. (age 12).

Lakefield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—When reading the letters in the 'Messenger' dated Feb. 17, Stuart C. (age 10) wonders if anybody who reads the 'Messenger' knows which is the shortest and longest verses in the Bible. The shortest verse is St. John xi., 35, and the longest verse is to be found in Esther viii., 9. Now, I wonder if any little girl or boy who reads the 'Messenger' knows what verse in the Bible contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter 'J'?
MABEL M. W. (age 8).

Strathlorne, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, so I think I will write now. My sister gave me the 'Messenger' as a Christmas present, and I like it very much. I got a pair of skates this winter, but I have not had a chance to learn how to skate yet, as there has been so much snow. It has been a very stormy winter here. I like reading story books very much. Some of my favorites are: 'Little Women,' 'The Letter of Credit,' 'Roy,' and 'Eighty-Seven.' There is Sunday-school here every Sunday. My father is the superintendent.
HATTIE L. MacL. (age 10).

Enfield, N.D.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the good stories and the children's letters, and wish to join the happy band. I am a farmer's daughter. I was eleven years old on Feb. 26. I live about six miles from the little town of Enfield. I like to live in the country very much, as then I can hear the little birds singing. We have very cold weather out here. I like going to school very much, but cannot go now it has been so cold. I have no pets at all. Except my little sister, whose name is Pearl, and who is seven years old. I wish you all a happy summer.
ROSA LU K.

Rathburn.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have read quite a few of the boys' and girls' letters, and most of them were very interesting; but I think Minnie E. M.'s letter was very interesting indeed. I hope she will write again. I go to school every day, and am in the third book. I am nine years old. For pets I have a white kitten. Well it is not really mine; but my sister brought it up, and told me to look after it; so I claim it to be mine. I have three brothers and four sisters. I have not read many books yet. But here are a few that I have read: 'Little Men,' 'Jack the Giant Killer' and some others.
ELIZA M. MacK.

Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I have a black shepherd dog, and his name is Bruce. He will watch the pigs off of the railway, and do a great many other things. I thought that story. 'How Nora Crena Saved Her Own,' was very good. I see there are some pictures in the 'Messenger.' I think that Hettie K.'s picture is very nice. I like the 'Messenger' better every time I read it. I think I shall take it another year.
JOSEPH W. T.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Received for the 'Messenger' Cot. Labrador. Previously acknowledged, $4.80; Reta McDonald, Point au Cacr, 35c; Ernest McDonald, Point au Cacr, 35c; Howard McDonald, Point au Cacr, 30c; Ernest Bell, Thurso, 10c; Violo J. Walker, Northcote, 50c; A Fisherman, Port Bruce, 25c; Clara Annis, Dryden, $1; Dwight Nash, Aultsville, 50c; total, $8.15.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Temperance

'Quit Ye Like Men.'

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fear the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, sect, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action,
Trust in God and do the right.

These inspiring words were written by the late Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod, of Glasgow, on the text 'Quit ye like men.' What a stimulus their rousing ring should give in the discharge of every duty alike in the phlegmatic, the desponding and the despairing.

Ruined: A Wife's Story.

(Concluded.)

Shall I ever forget the day when he first found out that I drank? He came in unexpectedly that afternoon. I was staying in with baby; he was ailing and fretful with his teeth, but he fell asleep, poor lamb, as soon as I had fed him. And there I sat, with the child in my lap, beside the fire, and sipped, and sipped, and sipped, till everything about me got hazy. I forgot the baby, and forgot that I was not dressed for afternoon, and that I was expecting callers; I forget everything, and I think I must have been nearly asleep, for Bob told me afterwards that he came in just in time to save the baby from rolling off my lap into the fire.

I remember hearing him cry out, and I have some sort of recollection of his laying me on the sofa, and when I came to myself, hours after, he stood looking down at me with a look I can never forget—never! He didn't say a word, but there were tears in his eyes. Then I cried, too, for we women are sure to get hysterical over everything. But mine were only maudlin tears; they didn't flow from real penitence or sorrow. No; I was only ashamed of being found out, and a bit afraid of what Bob might say.

He was very patient and forbearing with me even then, but I can see plainly now that his heart was broken. From that hour he grew old and haggard and grey.

He begged me to sign the pledge, but I could not bring myself to it. I reminded him that the doctor had ordered me drink twice a day, but I promised to keep strictly to the prescribed allowance. But again and again and again the appetite got the better of me, till Bob was nearly desperate.

Then he declared that he would cut off the supplies, and would not have any drink brought into the house even for visitors. But I was angry, and sulked and fumed, and refused to entertain even his own intimate friends if he carried his restrictions to such a length. And so I won my way again—as I always did. I piled a heavier weight on my husband's shoulders than he was able to bear. I caused him constant anxiety night and day, and to all his entreaties, his reasoning, his prayers, I only made spurious promises of amendment.

Will you believe, neighbor, that when the crash came and Bob told me that we were ruined, my first thought was: How was I going to get my drink? To such depths of selfishness had I descended.

You could never understand what I suffered when the bottles and casks all ran empty, and Bob gave me orders that no more were to be brought inside the doors.

The girls had all been dismissed except the little nurse-girl, and I dared not send her for drink, for I knew she would tell. Shame, and fear of Bob's anger, kept me from sending the children, so I went out myself.

It was only the other day, but it seems like years.

I went right away, almost to the other end of the town; and there I drank away a good part of the little money that Bob had given me for housekeeping, begging me to use it carefully.

I don't remember leaving, but I have a recollection of someone coming forward and asking me if he could assist me in crossing the street. It was Dr. Corman, our minister. He was afraid of my getting taken up, and hurried me off to Bob's office, because it was nearer than here. I stayed there till my husband was ready, and then he brought me home. It was the last walk we took together, and I shall never lean on that arm again.

Do you wonder that God has called him? He saw how unworthy I was of a pure, faithful love like Bob's; how I repaid the sacrifice of his brave, true life.

Dr. Corman says there is hope for me yet, but I know that this stony weight of remorse can never be wholly lifted.

When Bob is taken away, kinds friends are going to send me to a retreat, and the dear children will go to Bob's mother. It is my only chance. I am so weak I could not resist the drink even now if it were placed within my reach.

Bob asked me once to go away to one of the inebriate homes, but I scouted the idea. I am humbled now; I dare not refuse it any longer. There are the children—Bob's legacy to me. For their sakes I must do what I refused to do for his. But, oh! how the prospect appals me! How I shrink from the terrible fight that has to come. It seems to me it would be easier to face death than the life that lies before me now.

Oh! neighbor, if you moderate drinkers could but once feel this awful craving, this overwhelming temptation, I don't think you would look down on us who have gone astray with such scornful eyes.

It is so easy to slide down the hill; so hard to climb it again. It needs no strength to weave habits into chains, but it needs a superhuman strength to break them. Remember this, neighbor, and tell it where you go—especially at those tables where the decanters shine so prettily, and the different colors sparkle in the dainty glasses, and the hostess's eyes sparkle with pride and admiration as she views her well-spread table. Tell her that a serpent lurks in every glass as truly as when Solomon detected his trial there, and his fangs will surely be fastened in the life of those who yield to his fascinations.

This is to be my life work—should God spare me—to warn others of the pit into which I have fallen; to save other women from plunging themselves into the gulf of ruin in which I have wrecked Bob's life and mine. For Dr. Corman says that even in our town there are scores of houses—respectable, like ours—in which this self-same tragedy is going on every day. God help us all, if this be true.

There, you have heard my story, and you cannot tell me now that I am guiltless. When you hear others pitying me, you will know that the keenest sting of my sorrow is the knowledge that my own hands pressed into the cup its bitterest dregs.—'The Alliance News.'

He went up as he was wont, to the Mount of Olives'—

'Master! it is good to be,
High on the mountain here with Thee,
Here in an ampler, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Earth's Awakening.

(Lizzie Kings, in 'Cottager and Artisan.')

Under her blanket all snowy white,
Old Mother Earth lay a-dreaming.
Then Spring passed by, with her smile so bright,
And Sun through the bare trees gleaming.

The sunbeams played on the Earth's brown breast,
And peeped in the shady places.
Till she roused her up from her winter rest,
To smile in their merry faces.

She robed herself in her gown of green,
With buttercups 'broidered on it,
And pussy-cat tails, with silver sheen,
She wore on her new spring bonnet.

Mild daisies bowed at her royal feet
To the music of bluebells ringing,
And little wood violets, shy and sweet,
Came, their offering of perfume bringing.

Our brave old mother! with regal mien,
She lifted her stately head,
And rose once more—every inch a queen,
From the winter past and dead.

* * * * * * * *

So may we rise when our winter's done,
Our season of storm and stress,
Clothed in the grace that God gives alone—
'The beauty of holiness.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Some Troublesome Stains.

As the busy mother turns out her chestful of last summer's dresses to see which can be worn again by the ever-growing owners, which must be 'passed down the line,' and which are good only for repairs elsewhere, visions of summer laundering, and ugly stains come to mind. For children will sit on the grass, must do so, of course, and grass stains will surely have to be reckoned with. Blood stains, too, are another trouble; for when Tommy's nose does bleed, it always seems to choose a time when he has his best white blouse on or his new linen suit. As for the thorn-pricks, and scratches inevitable on a day's picnicking, while they may be bravely borne by lads and lasses, they are apt to leave their mark in spots and smears, that are the despair of the busy mother, who, with all her care, finds some of them only when they come from the wash, hopelessly set by the hot water.

It is said that for grass stains, a simple treatment, always practicable, is to put the stained part in cream of tartar and water, before immersing the garment in the soap-suds. Another method claimed to be efficacious is to wet with coaloil instead of the solution of cream of tartar. Still another laundress says the desired effect is produced by sponging the spot with alcohol before putting into the regular wash.

As to the blood stains, even inexperienced housekeepers know that if these have not yet been wet they can be removed by first washing in cold water; but I have found this very troublesome and tedious, especially when the stain has been made some days. I find nothing better than to touch each spot with coaloil and then wash out at once in warm soapsuds, when the spot comes out like magic, leaving none of that pink tinge that the cold water process does. Ammonia is, of course, capital for blood stains used just like the coaloil, but would take out the pattern from certain colored prints. Even for white things it is not better than coaloil, is dearer, and not so likely to be on hand when wanted.

However, it certainly should have a place in one's emergency cupboard, for there are times when ammonia will be used where coaloil could not do at all. I remember a young friend telling me that on the eve of starting on a long journey, their horse bolted and, in stopping it

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All forms of cancer or tumor, internal or external, cured by soothing, balmy oil, and without pain or disfigurement. No experiment, but successfully used for ten years. Write to the home office or the originator for free book—Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

her husband's hand was badly cut. It was not a serious wound, but in some way or other great splashes of blood marred the entire front of the wife's pretty grey travelling suit that was to be her standby in England and on subsequent journeys.

Being near a friend's house, the young couple adjourned for repairs, and soon emerged ready to resume their travels, the husband with his hand bound up, the young wife with her pretty gown looking as fresh as ever, thanks to the ammonia bottle on her good friend's shelf.

It is the spots that show after laundering that perhaps are most trying, but, thanks to a suggestion seen years ago in an old paper, my experience has been that they are not beyond remedy. I had a piece of linen that by some oversight was handled by an inexperienced person, and the hot soap-suds in which the blood spots had been faithfully rubbed only served to set them more firmly. I had always been told there was no hope for such stains, but thought it worth while to try my newspaper suggestion. Accordingly, I put some coal-oil in an old cup, gathered up the spots and put them in to soak for several days, rubbing them from time to time in the coal-oil. Finally, I transferred the article to a basin of warm suds and most of the stains came out at once. A few obstinate ones were put to soak a while longer, till with a little patience, not the slightest trace of spot remained.

A. W. R.

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(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

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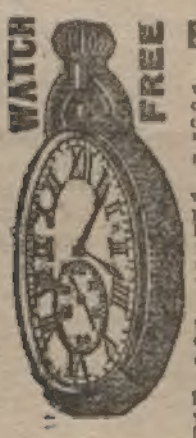

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